

A Simple Request

by fooboo24

Category: Haikyu/ãf•ã,ãã,-ãf¥ãf¼

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Shoyo H., Tobio K.

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-07-26 05:46:11

Updated: 2014-07-26 05:46:11

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:10:22

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,802

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Kageyama totally didn't cut her hair off because of Hinata's input - no way, not a chance. Or at least... she would never admit to it. Fem!KageHina. Kageyama Tobio/Hinata Shouyou.

A Simple Request

****Notes: ****If any of you have seen viria's genderbent drawings of the Karasuno team, that's what Kageyama and Hinata look like in this fic! And if you haven't... well, go look at them already, they're fantastic~

~P~

A Simple Request

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It was a gradual thing, the growth of Kageyama's irritation with her hair.

At first, she could mostly ignore it - it didn't get in the way of her practices all that much, and with just brushing it behind her ear, it remained and allowed her attention to focus on other things. But week after week passed, along with that ideal hair length. Now, the black locks were distracting; they got in her eyes when she was trying to serve and set, annoyingly tickled at the sides of her face at any given point in the day. In case in point, it was more than likely time to get a haircut.

Kageyama was pulling her long black hair out of its ponytail after practice, while absently watching Hinata in front of her, when this thought reluctantly occurred to her, and she voiced it aloud, more to herself than to the smaller girl. "Ugh," she scowled as the hair tie caught in her hair for the umpteenth time in the past month - yet another reason to chop it all off - and she had to resist ripping it

from her head.

Hinata blinked up at her sudden annoyed groan, watching curiously as she tried to free the tie, but to no avail. "Dammit, I need to cut this off already! I don't even know why I've let it grow out - I hate long hair! It's too much damn trouble!"

Kageyama had just nearly separated her hairs from the tangled knot that was the hair tie when Hinata bounded up to her side, a frantic look in her pretty eyes. Latching herself onto Kageyama's arm, she began to yank on it. "Don't do that, Kageyama! You shouldn't cut your hair!"

Kageyama glared down at her, trying but failing to shake the overly enthusiastic middle blocker off her arm. "Why the hell not? Like I said, it's irritating - I don't even like bothering with it every morning, so why should I keep it? And you're one to talk - you have short hair and you don't have to do anything with it besides pin it down."

She made sure to leave out that Hinata's hairstyle was quite cute, though, and suited her well. Kageyama wasn't sure what she'd look like with a short style.

Suddenly asked to provide an answer for her reasoning, Hinata's face went red and she cast her gaze to the floor, uncharacteristically quiet for a few long moments. Kageyama, tired and impatient as ever, huffed before turning to leave, before being stopped by Hinata's nervous squeaking behind her. "B-Because it looks g-good on you," she murmured, face still turned away when Kageyama's head whipped around to look at her. "Long hair looks pretty on you, that's why. I-I like it."

Kageyama felt an unusual heat flooding into her face at Hinata's comments, but before it could become noticeable, she whirled around and began to stomp off again. "D-don't just say things like that, dumbass!" she called back, her voice wavering in a way that only increased her embarrassment and the speed at which she was walking.

Why, oh, why did Hinata have the power to make her so flustered so easily?

~P~

It took nearly all weekend for Kageyama to get Hinata's flushed face and soft words out of her mind, along with the residual embarrassment she felt. When she arrived at the hairdresser two days after it happened, though, she could feel it all rushing back and found that that original want to rid herself of her longer hair had disappeared (but totally not because of Hinata's influence).

The following Monday, there was a bizarre uneasiness in the pit of her stomach each time she thought of the hyper redhead, and just how she would potentially react to Kageyama's choice. A part of her wanted to just up and find her the second she arrived at school, while the other wanted to avoid her completely.

It was during lunch when Hinata arrived at her class to join her that she finally got to see it, and she had to stop herself from grabbing

onto the setter's arm as the realization dawned on her. "Uwahh! Kageyama, you didn't cut all your hair off after all!" Her hands hovered near her sleek head of hair, before she stopped and blinked, giving Kageyama a painfully innocent stare. "Why, though?"

Kageyama's eyes widened at the proximity of Hinata's face to hers, before frowning as she realized Hinata legitimately didn't understand it - something she was partially glad for, and partially annoyed by. "B-because I just didn't," she lied, turning to grumpily stare out the window as she crossed her arms, "Sitting for that long in a chair getting your hair cut is just too troublesome - I mean, I could be practicing with that time - s-so I just got a few inches off to make it a bit more manageable. That's all."

She knew her excuse was weak, but Hinata didn't. "Oh, I see," she nodded, and Kageyama couldn't help but wonder how she had fallen for someone so dense. She was about to give Hinata a blank look when she felt a gentle tugging on her head and instead found the other girl pulling at her hair, tongue sticking out of her mouth.

"W-what are you doing?" she stuttered, that same stupid blush from before forming on her cheeks.

Hinata smiled down at her, a light flush dusting her own as she spoke, and Kageyama's heart swelled at the warmth her gaze held. "Can I try braiding it?" she asked softly, her voice much quieter than Kageyama had ever heard it before. She felt at one of the tresses of hair she was holding, revelling in how silky Kageyama's hair was. "N-Natsu taught me how to on Saturday and I was just thinkingâ€¦| you'd look kinda nice with a braidâ€¦|" (She didn't mention that she learned it expressly for Kageyama, though).

Whatever last bit of composure Kageyama had flew out the window at that, and with a burning face, her eyes flew to her lap and she nodded stiffly. "I-I- not here," she said suddenly, before standing and taking Hinata's wrist and manoeuvring her way out of her classroom. Kageyama would never be able to live it down if Tsukishima walked by and caught such a scene taking placeâ€¦|

Hinata allowed Kageyama to lead her to the roof, which the latter was relieved to find empty. She stood woodenly, still holding Hinata's wrist, for a few long moments, before she felt the other move and that same previous tug at her scalp. "Ah, we should probably sit downâ€¦|" She heard Hinata mumble from behind her. Refusing to look at the source of her affections, she sat down silently, Hinata following suit.

Kageyama tried to ignore how nice it felt to have Hinata's fingers run and tug at her hair, while Hinata tried herself not to get too absorbed in playing with it because of how soft it was. It wasn't long before Kageyama felt herself involuntarily leaning back against the shorter girl, relaxing into the soothing motions she was making, while Hinata continued to simply and quietly feel at her hair, taking comfort in the silence around them.

It wasn't until the bell signalling the end of lunch sounded that either of them realized just how much time had passed. Kageyama started at the abrupt noise, while Hinata found herself panicking - how had she spent nearly an entire hour just playing with Kageyama's

hair? She began to randomly pull at pieces, trying to form a half-decent braid, while Kageyama asked, "Are you done yet?"

Hinata's face flushed and fell at the messy attempt at a braid in her hands, before shaking her head. "I-I, uh, no? It doesn't look that g-great because, hah, you know, I'm new to it and all - m-maybe I could just redo it later before practice or something?" Hinata knew she was just digging a deeper hole for herself with each word she spoke, and she prepared to hear a harsh voice being directed at her-

"Okay." And just like that, Kageyama was standing, a calm look on her face as she peered down at Hinata. The redhead blinked up at her blankly, before scrambling up and nodding frantically.

"O-okay!" she repeated, a cutely determined look forming on her face that caused the heat in Kageyama's face to renew. "This time I'll make it look good!"

They heard the scramble of students inside then, and so began to travel back into the building, walking quietly but comfortably beside each other. With a nervous swirl in her stomach and an aching chest, Hinata observed the taller girl beside her with wide eyes, and more than once bumped against her distractedly and earned a flash of that prettily flushed face of hers. It wasn't until they were near Hinata's classroom that she spoke her mind. "You really do look pretty with long hair, Kageyama," she said, barely resisting the urge to reach up and touch it once more.

Kageyama's face was on fire at the sudden compliment, and unable to find an appropriate response to say back within her haywire mind, she turned on her heel and began walking swiftly to her class, all the while mumbling out, "S-see you at practice."

Hinata simply nodded and tried to calm her racing heart - why did she say that?! - before wandering back into her classroom, thoughts already focused on the next time she would get to see the setter that afternoon.

~P~

No one on the Karasuno team questioned Kageyama's sudden inclination for wearing her hair in a braid in the following weeks - except for Tsukishima, who made sure to add her two cents in about how 'unprofessional' they looked - and it was safe to say Hinata took several volleyballs to the face thanks to her eyes being on nothing but the setter.

Dammit, she was right - Kageyama did look good in a braid.

Very, very, completely and utterly, embarrassingly good.

~P~

"_Wait_ hey, Kageyama, did you not cut your hair short because I said I liked it long?"

â€|

"S-shut up, you dumbass, of course not!"

End
file.